

# Your MENTAL PHONOGRAPH

Should record the Following

## Luminous Facts,

WHICH ARE OPULENT—  
In suggestion and instruction, which bring into special prominence the prices of furniture you may need.

- SIDEBOARDS—**  
At \$13, \$15, \$17, \$20 and \$50.
- CHINA CLOSETS—**  
At \$14, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25 and \$30.
- BOOK CASES—**  
At \$5, \$6, \$10, \$14, \$18 and \$50.
- CHAMBER SUITS—**  
At \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18 and \$23.
- MATTRESSES—**  
At \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$4, \$5 and \$35.
- WIRE WOVEN SPRINGS—**  
At \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$5.00.
- ROCKERS—**  
At \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$40.
- EXTENSION TABLES—**  
At \$4.50, \$7.50, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$50.
- DINING CHAIRS—**  
At \$1, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50 and \$11.

**DON'T FORGET THE FACT—**  
That in all Kansas there is no furniture stock so large or so well assorted as ours. See the figures—see the goods.

Thompson Bros.,

626 Kas. Ave. and  
617-619 Quincy St.

### FOUND DEAD.

Somewhat Mysterious Killing of George Berrett Near Perryville.

George Berrett, formerly a bill poster for L. M. Crawford, was killed last night near Perryville, on the Union Pacific railroad. His body was found at 3 o'clock this morning by the crew of the morning train lying by the side of the track.

It is supposed that he fell from a freight train upon which he was making his way. He was married and lived at 312 East Seventh street.

He left home last July to hunt work, and went to Kansas City. After some time he was employed to do bill posting for the Ninth street theater in that city, and worked there until a short time ago.

When his wife was notified of his death she left at once for the scene of the accident. A coroner's inquest is now being held at Perryville. The body will be brought to Topeka tonight, and the funeral will take place at 10 o'clock tomorrow.

### A MILE OF MASS MEETINGS

Oliver Sumner Teall's Plan for Capturing the Bore.

New York, Oct. 17.—Picture 140 campaign speakers holding forth and delivering solid truths and Republican doctrines from twenty-eight trucks lined along the Bowery at more than half as many intersecting street corners, and you will have imagined the gigantic scheme which will be put in effect by Oliver Sumner Teall Thursday night, October 25. For over a mile these trucks will reach, and at a low calculation 10,000 persons will listen to the arguments presented by the oratorical talent to be secured.

David B. Hill, the Democratic aspirant for gubernatorial honors, is booked to speak at Cooper Union that night, but Mr. Teall had made his arrangements before he heard of the intended re-debut of the author of "I am a Democrat," in consequence of which he cannot now change his plans, and the intended project will now have to be carried out.

### THEY ENDORSE SLOAT.

The Democratic Central Committee Fail to Come Out for Yeale.

The Democratic county central committee met yesterday afternoon and endorsed R. J. Sloat, the Populist nominee for representative.

This is a surprise, as at the last meeting of the committee a resolution was introduced for the endorsement of Col. Geo. W. Yeale and would have passed with practically no opposition, had not some one suggested that Senator Martin should be consulted before an endorsement was made. This was agreed to and action was postponed.

The suggestion is that Senator Martin opposed Yeale's endorsement and that in deference to his wishes the committee decided to endorse Sloat.

Bookingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

### THE LUTHERAN SYNOD.

Election of Officers This Morning and Other Work Done.

The Lutheran Synod of Kansas, which includes the Lutheran churches of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., is holding its twenty-seventh annual session in the English Lutheran church, corner of Fifth and Harrison streets.

The opening sermon of the synod was preached last evening by Rev. J. F. Sponseler of Minneapolis, Kan., and at 9 o'clock the synod opened its regular session.

After a short devotional meeting the synod was called to order by Rev. E. D. Altman, of the Children's Memorial church of Kansas City, in the absence of the president, Rev. A. J. Lowe, who has removed to Jericho, Mo.

The synod's first business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Rev. W. B. Whitehill of Kansas City, Mo.; treasurer, S. L. Selig of Lawrence.

The new officers were installed at the close of the morning session.

In connection with the synod, the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary societies of the church and the Lutheran Young People's union annual meetings are being held, and a large number of lay delegates are attending these meetings.

The opening session of the Young People's societies will be held tomorrow morning at the Swedish Lutheran church.

Tonight, at the English Lutheran church, a sermon will be preached by some member of the synod.

### BREEDS DIPHTHERIA.

The City Physician Finds Polk School in Bad Sanitary Condition.

At the request of a number of parents who send children to Polk school, City Physician Hibben went to the school today and made an examination of the out-buildings on the property. He found the complaints to be well founded, and the school in a serious condition. The girl's closet was especially offensive, being ventilated with only a small window. Dr. Hibben will instruct the school board at once to make such changes at the Polk school property as will insure the health of the pupils. It is believed that the sanitary condition of the school is responsible for two cases of diphtheria that have lately appeared in the neighborhood. One of these is in the family of J. D. McFarland and the other in the family of William Stein. A repetition of the condition of affairs in the city school district a year ago ought to be avoided.

### IT WAS BRUTAL SPORT.

Two Bull Dogs Fight a Chained and Muzzled Bear.

Douglas, Ia., Oct. 17.—Duhague sports were treated to a brutal and novel entertainment last night at Kimbel park, in Wisconsin. It was a fight between a chained and muzzled bear and two bull dogs. After a hard contest in which the bear used his front feet to good advantage, he was worsted one of his ears being torn off.

The betting was in favor of the dogs and considerable money changed hands.

### HE'D NO USE FOR LIFE

JUMPIN JOE OF CHEROKEE MEETS A HOMELESS, HOPELESS WANDERER.

And After Hearing His Tale of Woe Persuades Him to Take an Inspiring Dose of the Wonderful Sassa-parilla—What the Result Was.

It is needless to remark that I am still engaged in the grand and glorious mission of contributing to the happiness of my fellow men, or at least such of them as I meet up with in this Cherokee strip who will permit me to extend my efforts in their behalf.

The other day, as I was out s'archin fur the roots which ar' the foundation of my celebrated Cherokee sassa-parilla,

which is sold at \$1 a bottle and warranted to enthrone the vital spirits as nuthin else kin, I met a pilgrim whose dejected appearance enlisted my sympathies to once.

He was lame in both legs, his back was humped up, and his eyes were red from weepin away the tears of sorrow on the falls of his woolen coat.

"Pilgrim," sez I as I stood before him, "why this sorrow?"

Tears gushed from his eyes, and he set down on the grass and sobbed aloud.

"Hev loneliness and sadness and sorrow driv all the boundin enthusiasm out of yer soul and left ye to walk in the shadow of despair?"

"She hev, stranger—she hev!" And he weeped and wiped and wept agin.

"Mebbe ye had a wife wher ye jogged along this way from Kansaser Missouri—a partner of yer busum, as Shakespeare puts it?"

"I had, but in my sorrow I could no longer hustle, and she fled with a gilded stranger who was sellin sewin machine, around the kentry on the weekly installment plan—warranted not to rip and any child kin run 'em."

"And ye loved that woman with a boundless luv?"

"Sarter loved her, sarter boundless luv. I shouldn't hev felt so luv, however, if she hadn't taken most of the outfit with her and left me shakin myself all over the claim with the seven day ager."

"A woman goeth whar she listeth," sez I as I remembered the names of three who had run away from me in days gone by.

"Yes, she do, and darn her picture!" he replied as he gits up a little sperrin in his tobes, and the end of his nose grows red with blushin.

"And your 'finanishally busted?"

"Busted all to squish!" he replied, with a sullen fur a cent apiece, with the biter and inflame throwed in free gratis, I couldn't buy one."

"And while ye war shakin with the ager and mournin after the lost partner of yer busum alongs cums a kins who jumps ye outer yer hole in the ground and sez yer bloomin claim as a site fur an orphan asylum?"

"He do, stranger, he do, and ye behold in me a wifeless, homeless, hopeless man, and one who ar' about to shuffle off this mortal coil and be at rest. Yes, a human critter cums along while my chill is on and pulls me out of the hole and tells me to go hence."

"The best of us ar' but pore and humble critters," sez I as I realizes that one dose of my Cherokee sassa-parilla would tech his vital spot and relight the candle of hope in his despairin heart."

"That's so," sez he as he pulled a handful of grass and gnawed at it and wept afresh.

"Yes, stranger, that's so, but I'm feelin sorry fur the pore and humble critter who got my Mary Ann even if she did save me out. She w'as a No. 11 shoe, and she kicks straight out behind, like a mule, and her breath would wabble the hind wheels off a wagon. In leavin this yere vain world fur a better land I freely forgive him."

"And won't nothin persuade ye to live on and becum coltish and ambishun agin?"

"Nuthin, stranger, nuthin on the face of this airth! Ye see before ye a feller critter who will be flyin around in paradise and producin sweet music on a golden harp before this day's sun sinks below the hills and the shadows of night cum down to kiver up just how much influence I'll hev up ther bein as I hain't purty and am no hand to push myself for'd, but if ye'll gin me yer name I'll do the best I kin fur ye in my humble way."

"As fur the name, it's Jumpin Joe, and fer yer willin'ness to help me I'm much obliged."

"What did ye jump to git sich a jumpin name?"

"A claim or two in the beginnin and afore I had reformed from my wickedness, but it cums mostly through my jumpin frog and the manner in which my Cherokee sassa-parilla jumps hope and ambishun in to the souls of all who take it according to the printed directions on the bottle. Shake afore usin, and don't lose the cork and stuff a rag inter the bottle. If ye ar' minded to take a dose or two, I'll guarantee that ye'll forgit all about yer Mary Ann and other sorrows."

"I'll take it," he said, and he took the bottle and shook it up and down and then he took the cork and stuff a rag inter the bottle. If ye ar' minded to take a dose or two, I'll guarantee that ye'll forgit all about yer Mary Ann and other sorrows."

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"Will she arouse new hopes and ambishuns in this manly breast?"

"If she don't, it will be her fust failure."

"And I will agin becum a hustler and go about with a determinashun to conker or die! Stranger, don't hold out no false hopes to a crushed and dyin man!"

After sum more talk the critter walked back with me to my shanty, and I handed him a bottle of sassa-parilla, and he drank of its contents. In five minits he was a changed man. Hope returned, ambishun fired his soul, gladness shone in his eyes.

I patted him on the back, headed him out into the world and told him to go forth and conker. He went, but as darkness fell he returned and stole my spotted hoss, and a shotgun, and a blanket, and though I chased him three miles he got away. Such is the gratitud of human nature, but I'm not complainin.

If I can git the case properly afore the public, it order increase the sales of my sassa-parilla by 50 bottles a week. Don't git up in the night and take my Magle cement by mistake, and don't gin the baby the bottle to chew on while cuttin his eyeteeth.

AUSTIN KEENE.

Fate.

Long she stood at the window and mused. The rays of the setting sun entangled themselves in her Titian hair or surrounded her glorious height of 5 feet 8 with an aureate halo. Proud, queenly, limbed like a goddess, she was indeed a magnificent specimen of femininity.

"Strange," she muttered. And then a soft, self pitying, half happy smile flitted across her face like a gleam of April sunshine.

"Strange," she said again, "to think that I, who only six short months ago was the quarter back of the Emancipated Maidens' football eleven, should have lost my heart to a man whose collar is a size and a half smaller than mine. But such is fate. And I love him!"

Cardinally picking up a 40 pound dumb-bell, she tossed it out of the window and across the lot and then sought her boudoir.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Confusion in the Temple.

During a late protracted session of the Blue Light tabernacle of the day, Whang-joodle Baxter brought his umbrella down on the pulpit with a jolt that rattled the sash in the window frames and exclaimed: "Dere's got to be less talkin in dis room. I can't hear myself think."

Upon hearing this one of the colored sisters rose and said: "Baxter, I wishes ter call yer retention to de fac' dat it am de same members of de congregation whom am do in de talkin."

"Hit am, am it?" replied the Rev. Whangjoodle, with a savage gleam in his eye. "Ye might as well say, 'Dare you kin kin of snow of hit's stoppin if hit's de miles. Ef hit was de females dat was talkin, dar would be no hopes of hit's ober-lettin up.'—Texas Siftings.

The Custom of the Country.

"When I was in Kentucky last," said the man who had sworn off, "it was very dry down there, and they told me I'd have to take whisky or nothing."

"And what did you say?" inquired one who was interested in his welfare.

"I said nothing," he replied, with the air of a martyr.

"That was right, that was right, my dear fellow."

"Yes, I found out that it was. They always give a man whisky under such circumstances, when he says nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Education.

"Sympathizing Clergyman (to convict)—How did you happen to get here? You seem to be an intelligent man."

Convict—That is just the trouble. I followed good advice.

Sympathizing Clergyman—Good advice? Convict—Yes. That what reads, "The Lord helps those that help themselves."—Brooklyn Life.

Only One Instance.

Miss Pinkerly—You must have a delightfully happy disposition, Mr. Jagway, Jagway—Why?

Miss Pinkerly—Mr. Cleverton told me, that the other night was the first time he had ever seen you really sober.—New York World.

Disrespectful.

"Timmins' father says he is going to cut him off with a shilling."

"What did Timmins say?"

"He asked if he couldn't arrange to leave him out of the will entirely and give him the shilling now."—Washington Star.

A Desperate Effort.

Cobbie—I put on my best suit last night and called on my girl's father.

Stone—Did he seem pleased?

Cobbie—He seemed pleased with the suit. He tried his best to get a sample from it.—Clothing and Furnisher.

He Lingered.

"Dear me, I find it impossible to drag my feet away," he said as the clock struck 12, and he gave no sign of going.

"Perhaps they are asleep," suggested the young lady, with a yawn, and he took the hint.—Detroit Free Press.

No Longer Entitled to Membership.

Van Masters—I understand Hobbs has been formally expelled from the Artists' society.

Peyster—Yes, he fell asleep in a barber's chair, and the barber cut off his vandyke beard.—Chicago Record.

Proof Positive.

"Yes," said the physician, "he's dead, poor fellow. His heart has ceased to beat."

"That last statement settles it," said the friend. "If there's anything about Slippery Pete that has ceased to beat, he certainly is dead."—Life.

A Bitter Reflection.

"No, he doesn't love me," she sighed as she listened to the receding footsteps of the youth who had just parted from her.

"No, he doesn't love me. He said good night only four times before going."—New York Press.

The Best Way.

Stuffer—You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner.

Dashaway—What are you going to do? Stuffer—Swallow the insult.—New York Sun.

Unforeseen Calamity.

Hungry Guest—I'd like to have a sprig of parsley with this sirloin.

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but the bunch of parsley we've been using today was set up by the last man that had steak.—Chicago Tribune.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. Langston of the Morning Monitor, Springfield, Ill., is visiting his uncle, Mr. Jurens on Monroe street.

W. H. Jacoby, formerly stenographer for Senator Martin but now in the government land office at Dodge City, was in the city last week two or three days.

W. F. File took a trip to Marion last week to visit his friend, Mr. L. L. Evans who has been very sick but whom he found improving in health.

Dr. T. J. Conry of Florence, the Santa Fe surgeon for that locality, produced more than a half ton of honey from 70 hives of bees this year. The yield is considered extra good considering the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gossett left today for a two weeks visit at their old home at Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Capt. F. Dent Sharp from Fort Leavenworth is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. Beverly, at 913 Fillmore street.

W. J. Burr of Blue Rapids, Kansas, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. T. St. John, at 1019 Quincy street.

Mr. Wm. Allaway and Miss Aimes went to Winfield today to attend the Baptist state convention.

Mrs. James H. Deaver of Illinois and Mrs. Frank M. Conwell have returned from their trip through the southern part of this state. Mrs. Deaver will be the guest of her niece, Mrs. Frank Conwell, this week.

Mrs. Dr. C. E. Fulton of Springfield, Mo., is the guest of Mrs. F. L. Connell.

Dinah and Lulu Jester of Sorento, Ill., were visitors at Rev. W. F. File's the past week.

Mrs. Irvine and Mrs. Evans of Scranton were in the city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Massey, who were recently married at Salina, are visiting friends in the city. Mrs. Massey is a daughter of A. H. Beck, proprietor of the National hotel at Salina, and Mr. Massey is in the hardware business in St. Louis.

### HAMLIN GARLAND THERE.

He Will Make His Headquarters at Chicago This Winter.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The Central Art association which was organized last spring for the promotion of art among the people has been at work formulating plans for the advancement of its aims.

The president, Hamlin Garland, will make his headquarters in Chicago this winter, and the active work will begin at once.

The first series of six lectures will commence in the Armour Institute chapel, Tuesday evening, October 23. Among those who will represent the work is Hamlin Garland. His lecture will be the first one of the series, and will be upon the subject of "The Modern Novel." Mr. Garland presents the very latest work upon the novel and the novelist's art.

SILVER FOR CHINA.

About \$750,000 Consigned to China to Pay Off the Army.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17.—When the steamer Gaelic sailed for the Orient she carried about \$750,000 in silver consigned to China, where it will be used in paying off the army. Most of the cargo was for Japan.

The hold was filled with canned meats and the supposition is that it is a bait for supplies for the Japanese army in Korea. The Gaelic carried 500 Chinese, 100 Japanese. They say they are going home for the holiday festivities.

FLEEING THE KAFFIRS.

People are Leaving the Neighborhood of Delagoa Bay.

JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, Oct. 17.—Many of the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay are embarking on board ships bound for Natal.

The Portuguese authorities at Lourenço Marques are completely demoralized. The marines landed from the British gunboat Thrush are protecting the interests of the British residents.

Forces are being raised here and at Pretoria at the request of the Portuguese authorities in order to relieve Lourenço Marques, but the transport of the troops to the coast will be difficult as the railroad communication with the besieged town is interrupted.

### THE "REALISTIC" DRAMA.

Punishment Finally Reaches the Machine Shop Kind of Acting.

MARENGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—During the production of the play "Uncle Josh" at the opera house last night Hume N. Morgan, one of the leading actors, accidentally let his hand fall between the saw and the log and it was literally torn to pieces. It was amputated at the wrist later. By his self-possession a panic was narrowly averted. Nearly a dozen ladies in the audience fainted.

D. Holmes, druggist, 731 Kansas ave.